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MOTHER GOOSE IN GRIDIRON RHYME

DECEMBER
1911

MOTHER GOOSE

IN

GRIDIRON RHYME

A Collection of
Alphabets, Rhymes, Tales and Jingles
WITH 80 ILLUSTRATIONS

DECEMBER DINNER OF

The Gridiron Club

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DECEMBER 9, 1911

F95
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The Gridiron Press
W. F. ROBERTS COMPANY, MANAGER

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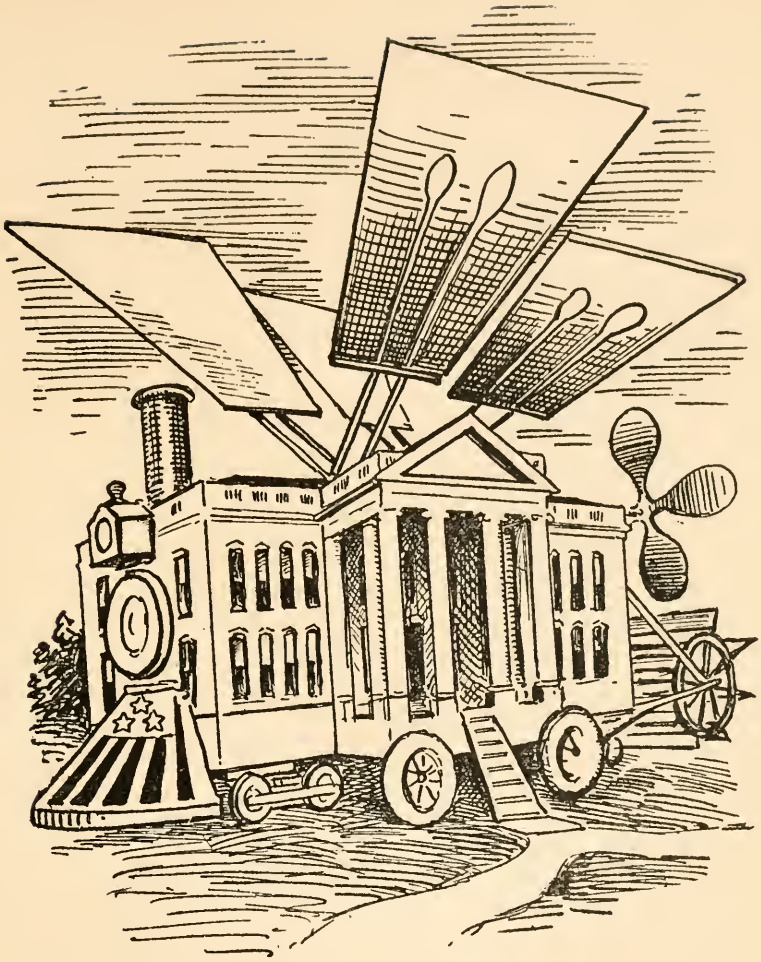


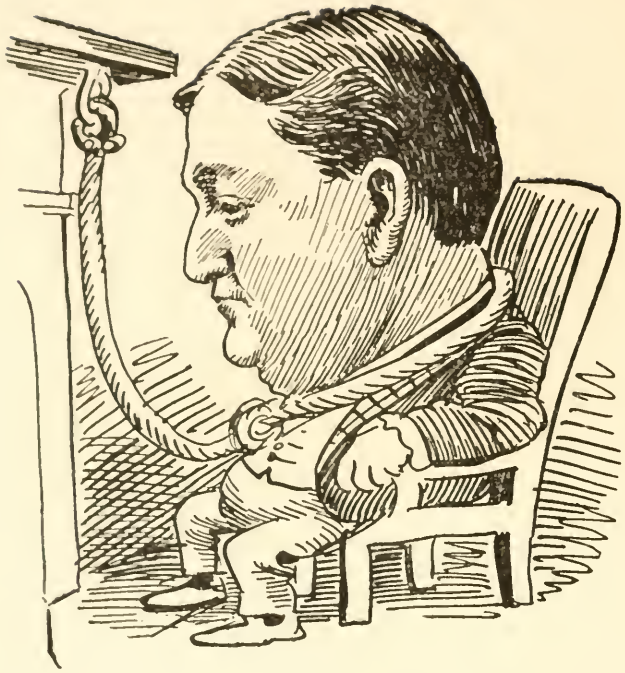
This is the house that Jack
(ought to have) Built.

Beat 'em up, beat 'em up, progressive man,
So we will, Bobby, as fast as we can;
We'll beat 'em and kick 'em and mark 'em N. G.,
Yours truly, T. R., Jimmie G. and Giff P.

A Is for Aldrich, of fame and renown,
Whose tariff bill still is the talk of the town.

B Is for Bourne, of third term repute,
Now with the Taft boom engaged in dispute.

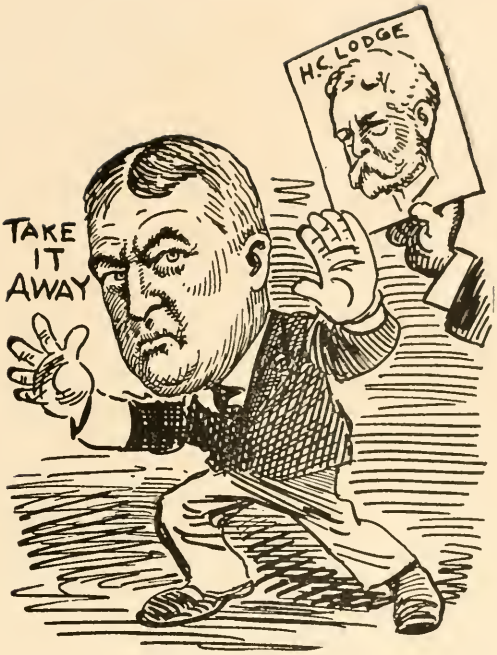
C Is for Cannon, or Clark, as you please,
Czars before whom all fall on their knees.



D Is for Davis, of Ozark, b'gum,
Who has just been "bridled"
and now stays t' hum.

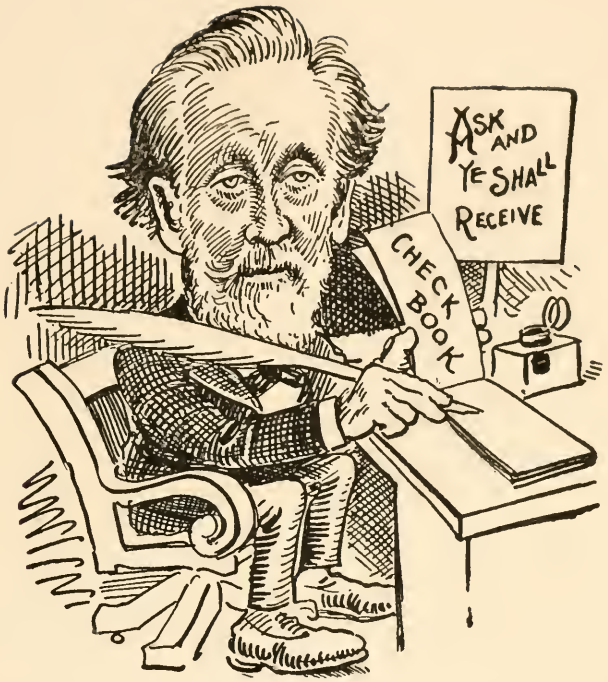
E Is for Ebenezer, with billiard ball
head,
If t'were not white t'would prob-
ably be red.

F Is for Fisher, President Taft's
"hope;"
Giff is now handing out only soft
soap.



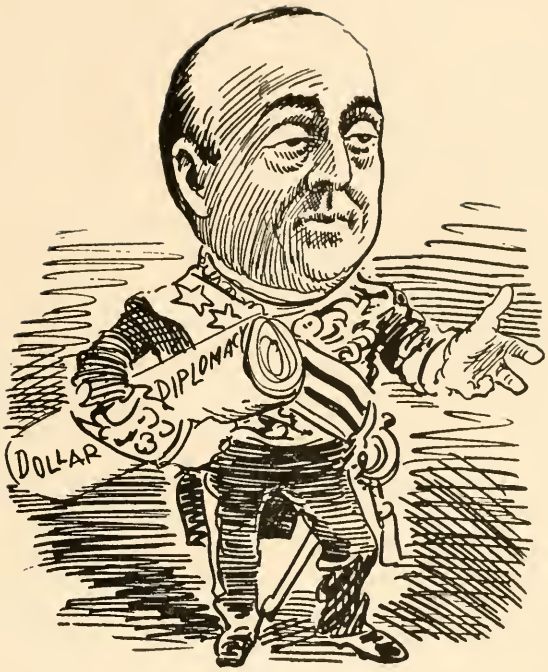
G Is for Gardner, his daddy's named Lodge;
Mention it to Gus, and Gussie will dodge.

H Is for Hitchcock, or Hilles, both good
To run a campaign, if either one would.

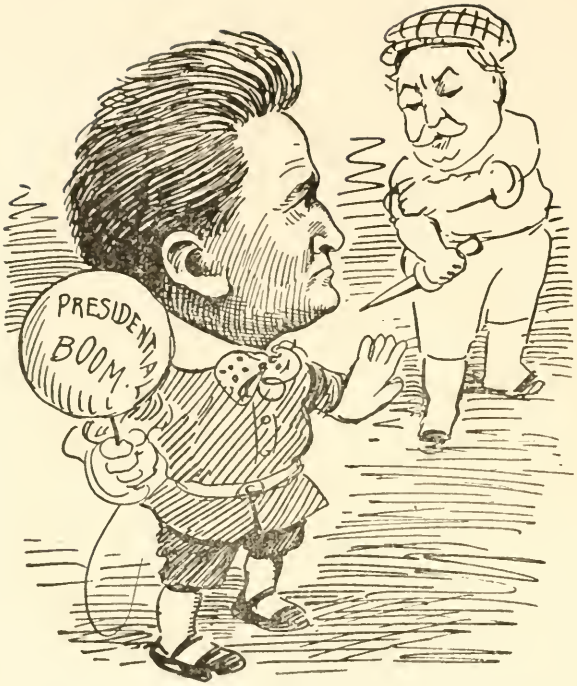


I Is for Isaac, a Biblical name;
"Ask and ye shall receive"—He knows
that game.

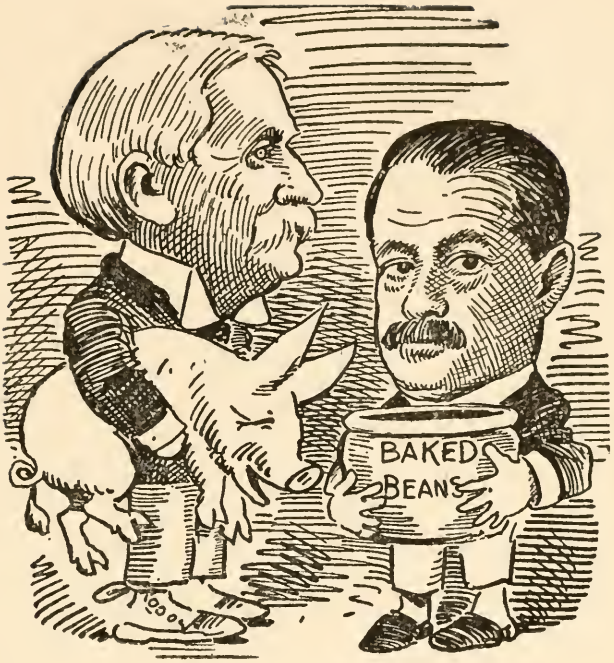
J Is for Jimmie—guess it, if you can;
You will find he is somewhat of a
Mann.



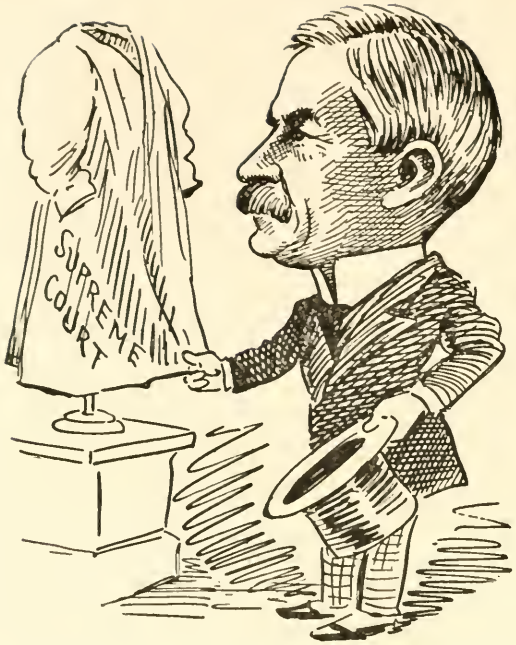
K Is for Knox, not knocking, you know,
Whose dollar diplomacy is now all the go.



L Is for La Follette, a whirlwind for talk,
Whose Presidential boom Taft hopes to balk.

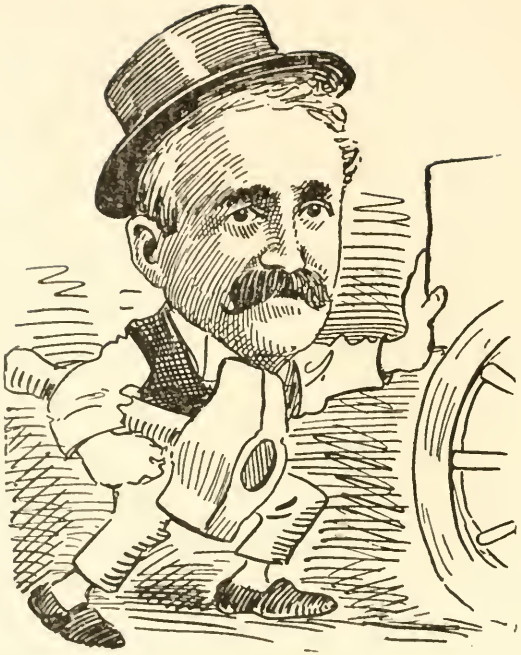


M Is for MacVeagh or Meyer,
men of means;
One represents pork and the
other baked beans.



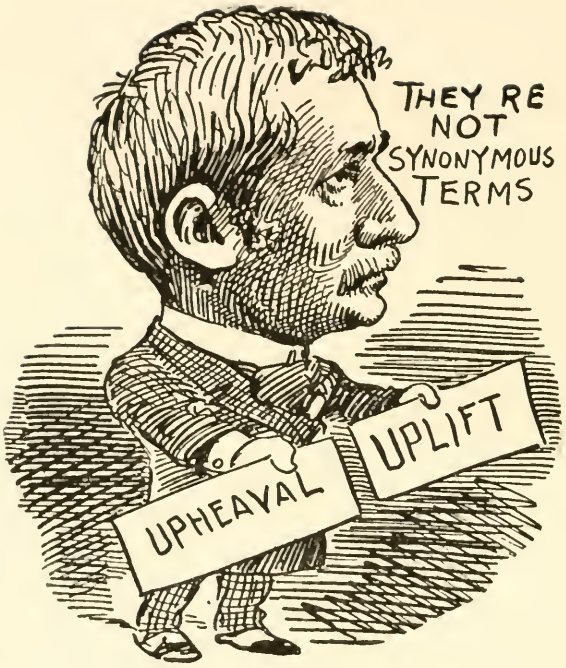
N Is for Nagel, from St. Louis
town,
A Cabineteer who aspires to a
gown.

O Is for Owen, Sir Robert, the bold,
Whose "Isms" made Bailey's
extremities cold.

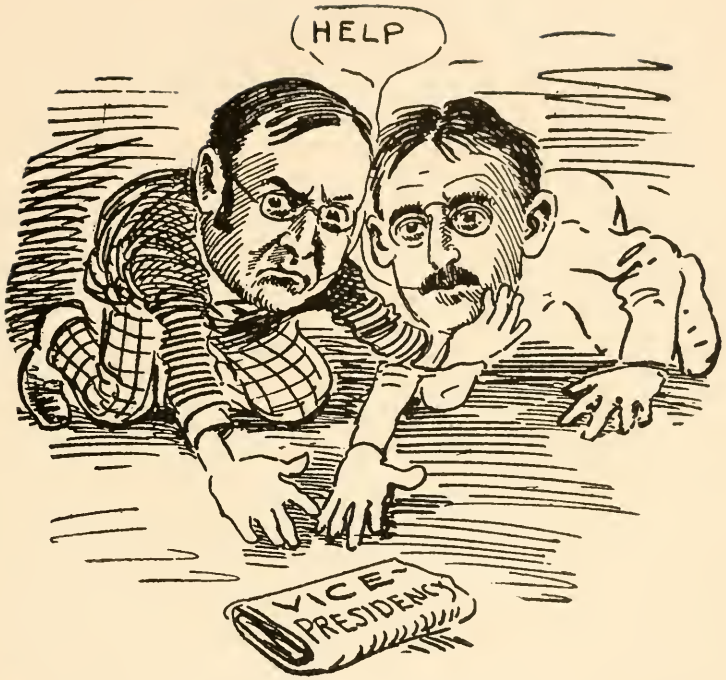


P Is for Pinchot, a chip off the block;
He's equally good at the boost or
the knock.

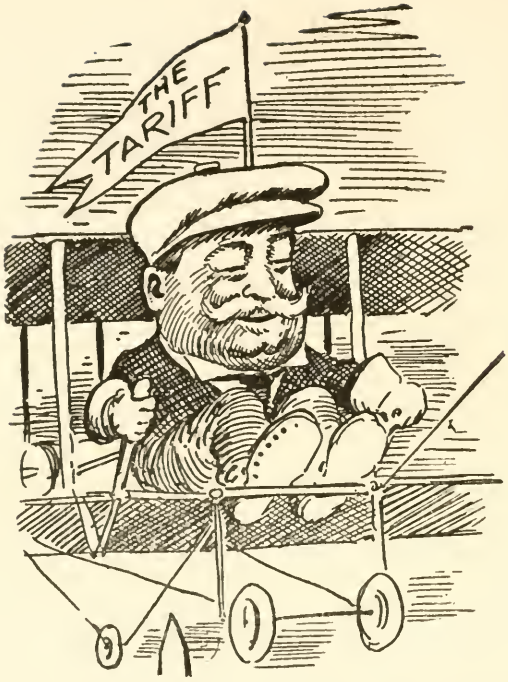
Q Is for Quillen, alias John Tilson. Pabst? Schlitz? Anheuser? We have it! Pilsen.



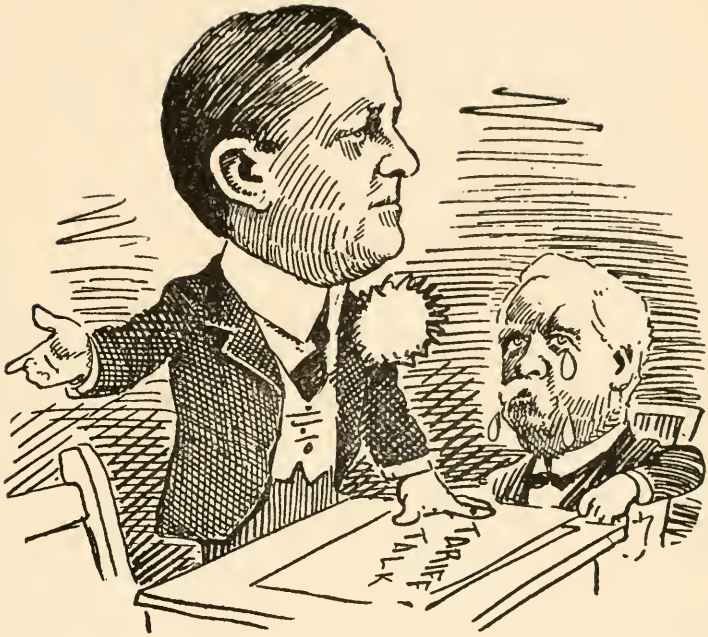
R Is for Root, not the root of all evil,
To whom the term uplift does
not mean upheaval.



S Is for Sherman, or Stimson. Help! Help!
Which one will Taft take unto himself?

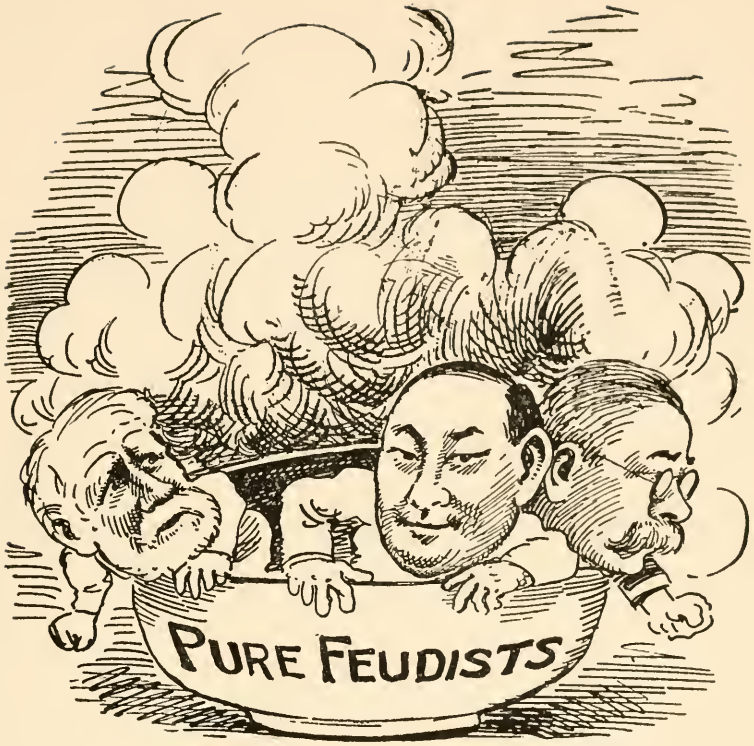


T Is for Taft, or Tariff so high
"Which must be revised" (in
the sweet bye and bye).



U Is for Underwood, of stately mien. Oh!
His tariff speeches give a pain to Sereno.

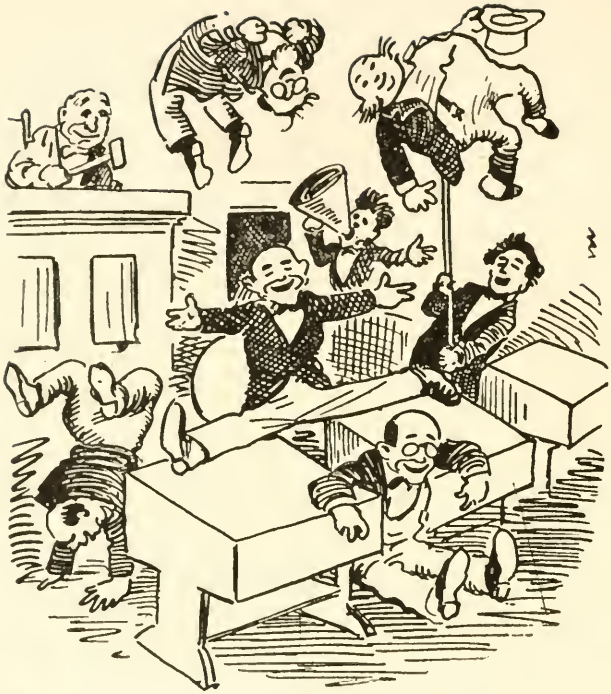
V Is for Vreeland. Standpatter?
You bet!
On tariff and bobtails he's
standing still yet.



W Is for Wickersham, Wiley and
Wilson,
An adulteration Taft can't
keep still, son.

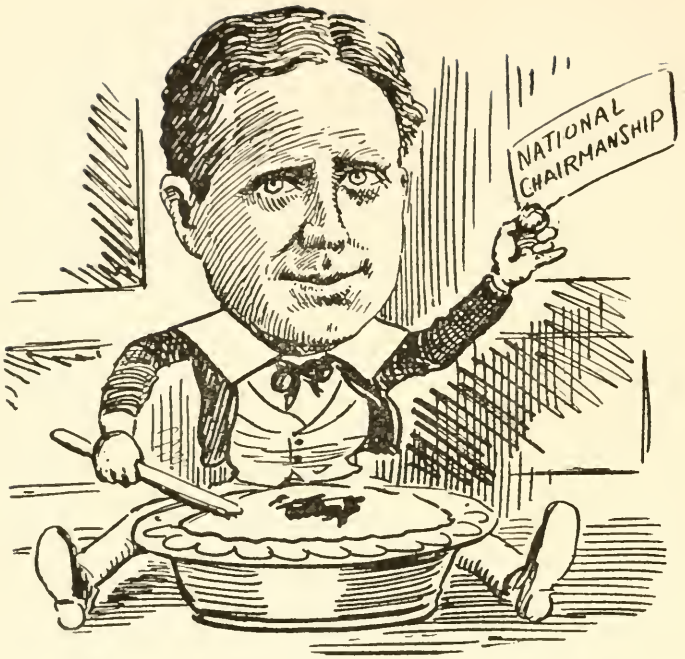
"X" Is for those who from public life sever;
They come and go, We go on forever.

Y Is for "Yes," the blushing maid's
answer;
Candidates always say "Yes" if
they can, sir.

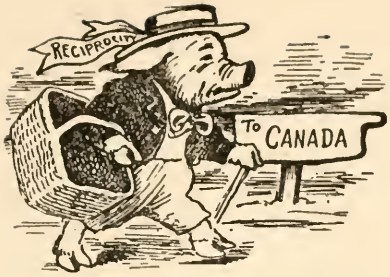


Z is for Zoo, a part of the show;
The big show now here is Con-
gress, you know.

As Bill Heyburn and Bill Borah
Were walking out one Sunday,
Says Bill Heyburn to Bill Borah,
"Tomorrow will be Monday."

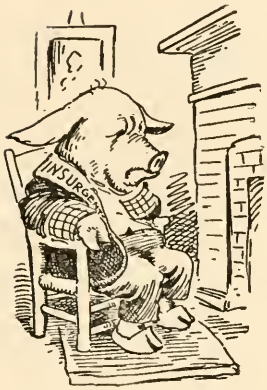


Little Charlie Hilles, first aide to Will, is
Eating some White House pie;
If he puts in his thumb and pulls out this
plum,
There is nobody here who will cry.



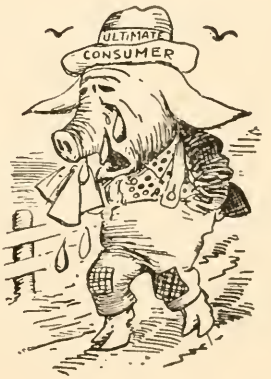
1. This little pig went to market.

2. This little pig stayed at home.



3. This little pig had roast beef.

4. This little pig got none.



5. This little pig cried wee, wee, all the way home.

"Robert, come give me your fiddle,
If ever you mean to thrive."
"Nay, I'll not give my fiddle
To any man alive.

"If I should give my fiddle,
They'll think that I've gone mad,
For many a joyful day
My fiddle and I have had."

There was a busy man who lived on a hill,
He lives there yet, but not always still.
On Tennessee Iron he says he was "wise,"
And he's the ONE man who never tells lies.

Billy Lorimer picked a peck
Of Hines' splinters;
A peck of Hines' splinters
Billy Lorimer picked.
If Billy Lorimer picked a peck
Of Hines' splinters,
Where's the peck of Hines' splinters
Uncle Isaac picked?

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD

(Or the Horrible Tale of Mrs. Ultimately Consumed)

Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
To get her poor children a bone;
But when she came there
The cupboard was bare,
It was plain the shelves held none.

She went to the baker's
To buy them some bread,
But wheat had gone up,
Reciprocity was dead.

She went to the joiner's
A coffin to buy,
But she found that cremation
Was not half so high.

She took a clean dish
To buy them some trout,
But the price was so "fishy"
She came away without.

She went to the ale-house
To buy them some beer,
But the cost of the drink
Took away all the cheer.

She went to the tavern
For white wine and red,
But when she had priced it,
She took water, instead.

She went to the hatter's
To buy them a hat,
But the things that were swell
Made her pocket-book flat.

She went to the barber's
With wigs to display,
She found nothing there
But a high price "toupee."

She went to the fruiterer's
To buy them some fruit,
But the figures had taken
The aerial route.

She went to the tailor's
To buy them a coat,
The tailor convinced her
That she was the "goat."

She went to the cobbler's
To buy them some shoes,
It was plain she must give
To the tariff its dues.

She went to the sempstress
To buy them some linen,
The cost plainly showed her
She was in for a skinnin'.

She went to the hosier's
To buy them some hose,
He took what was left,
Increasing her woes.

The Dame made a curtsey,
The Trusts made a bow;
The Dame said, "Your servant."
The Trusts said "Kow-tow."

Then Old Mother Hubbard
Went back to the cupboard
Where she had sought for a bone;
And she said, "I declare,
It will have to stay bare,"
So the poor little children got none.

Little Simon met a Sly Man
Going to Alaska;
Says Little Simon to the Sly Man,
"What is there, I ask you?"

Says the Sly Man to Little Simon,
"There's copper there in plenty."
Says Little Simon to the Sly Man,
"Of coppers I have many."

Little Simon had six brothers
Who saw what there was in it;
They sent the Sly Man to Alaska—
Little Simon to the Senate.

Little G. P.
Went to sea,
In an open boat;
The little boat
bended—
My story's ended.

There was a fat man from St. Lou-ay,
Sat trust-busting one sunshiny day;
For the press he had naught,
Though steel was his thought,
Which vex'd the fat man from St. Lou-ay.

A dillar, a dollar,
A 12 o'clock scholar,
We like the Senate's gall;
It's coming now at 2 o'clock—
Why does it come at all?

Jimmie Lloyd, a Congressman,
Came back to Washington
On Democratic victory feeling vain;
He stepped in a patronage muddle,
Like a Missouri toll-road puddle,
And he swears he'll ne'er do that again.

Baa, baa, black sheep, have you any pull?
The Tariff Board is after the rates on Wool:
Yes, we have stand-patters and the A. P. T. L.,
While presidential vetoes are doing very well.

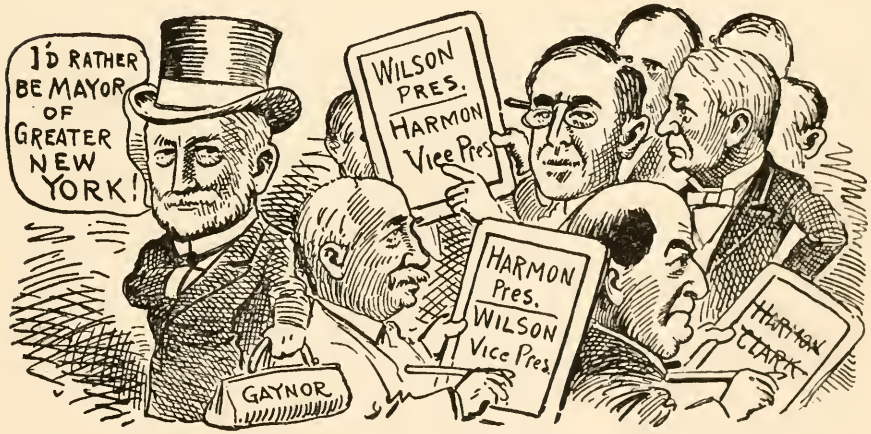
Cabot and Murray each separately delve
On their own little jobs 'till the clock
strikes 12;
Then up starts Cabot and looks far away,
"Oh, brother Murray, we are both from
Back Bay!"
"Yes," says Murray, choking, by stealth,
"Until Adjournment—then each for him-
self."

Old King Joe was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his smoke,
And his highball, too,
And he called for his cronies three.
And every crony had a very good hand,
And a very fine hand had he;
"Tweedle dee, tweedle dee," said Old
King Joe,
"Oh, there's none so rare as can compare
With a stand-pat hand. Give me three."

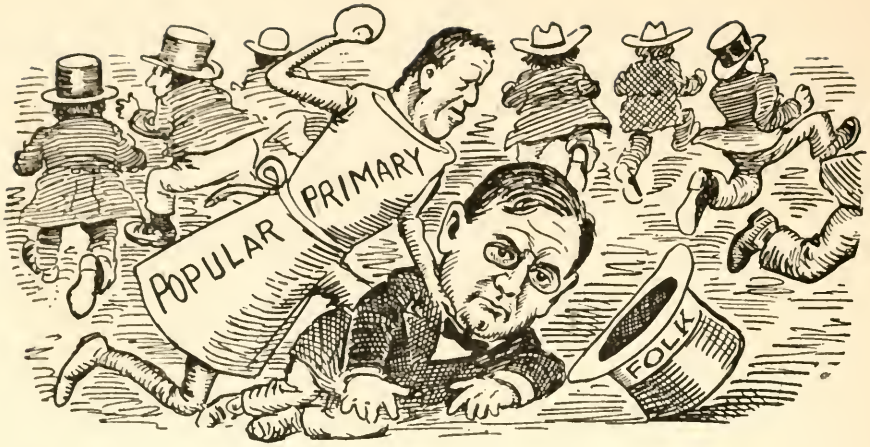
There was a man from New York Town,
And he was wondrous wise;
He raked in sheckles by the pound
From trusts, and closed his eyes.

But he came down to Washington
And with all his might and main,
He jumped into so many trusts,
He gave them all a pain.

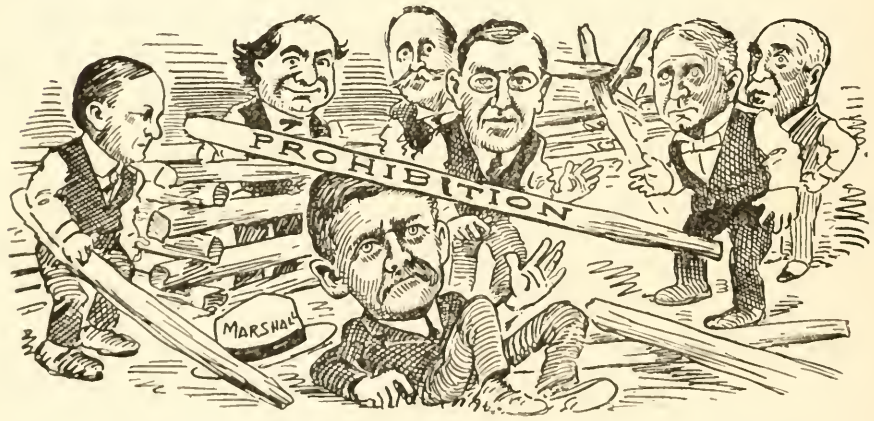
Ten little candidates in presidential line—
One got bashful, and then there were nine.



Nine little candidates tried to frame a slate—
One backed out, and then there were eight.

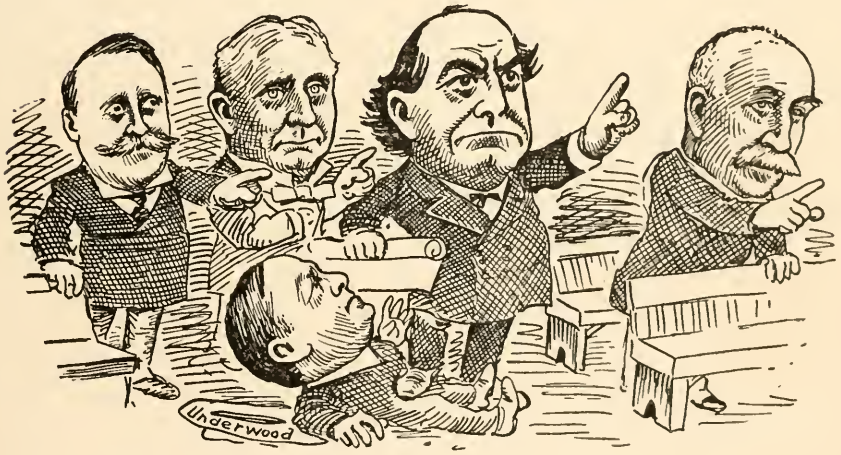


Eight little candidates for political heaven—
One hit a primary, and then there were seven.

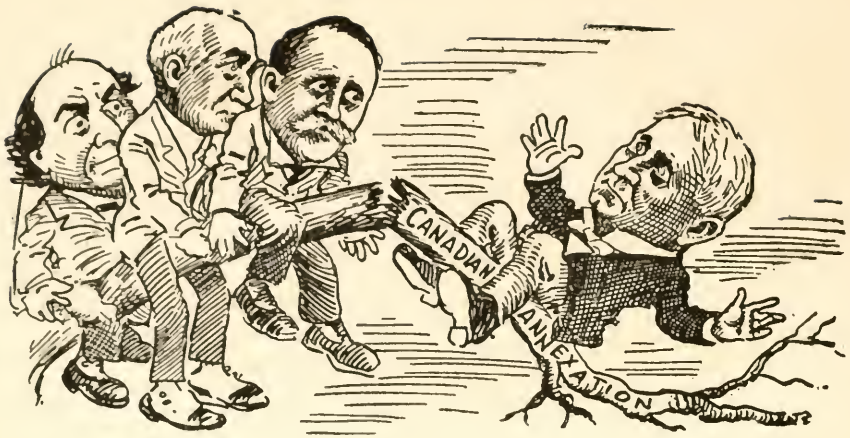


Seven little candidates went to fixing sticks—
One got hurt, and then there were six.

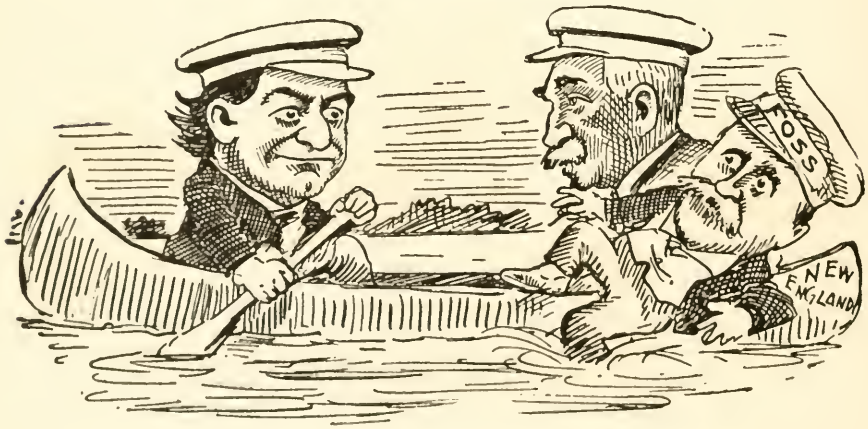
Six little candidates monkeyed with a hive—
One got stung, and then there were five.



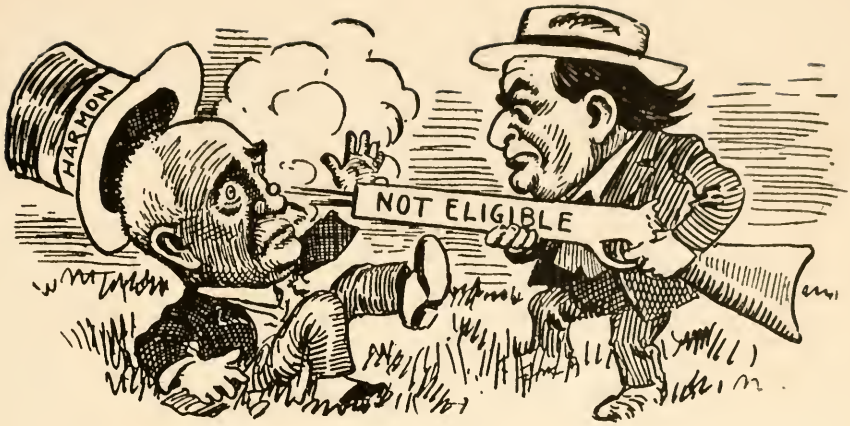
Five little candidates tried to take the floor—
One got stepped on, and then there were four.



Four little candidates tried to climb a tree—
One fell out, and then there were three.



Three little candidates out in a canoe—
One fell overboard, and then there were two.



Two little candidates fooling with a gun—
One got shot, and then there was one.

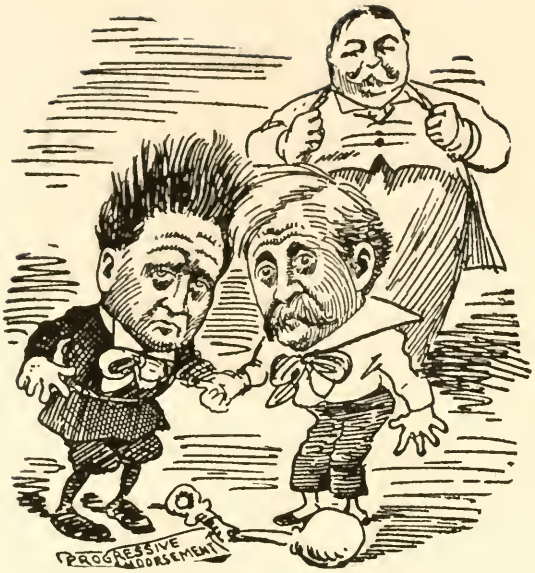
One little candidate standing all alone—
He got left, and the dark horse won.

Jim and Henry went up the hill
To fetch a pail of votes, sir;
Jim fell down and broke his crown,
And Henry was in the same boat, sir.

Up both got and home did trot,
With sundry funny capers;
Bill Barnes had the job to plaster their knobs,
And keep it out of the papers.

Frankie Hitchcock went to sea,
Heeding not my tearful plea;
He'll come back and marry me,
Pretty Frankie Hitchcock.

Frankie Hitchcock 's lean and fair,
Combing down his yellow hair;
Now he 's gone up in the air;
Pretty Frankie Hitchcock.



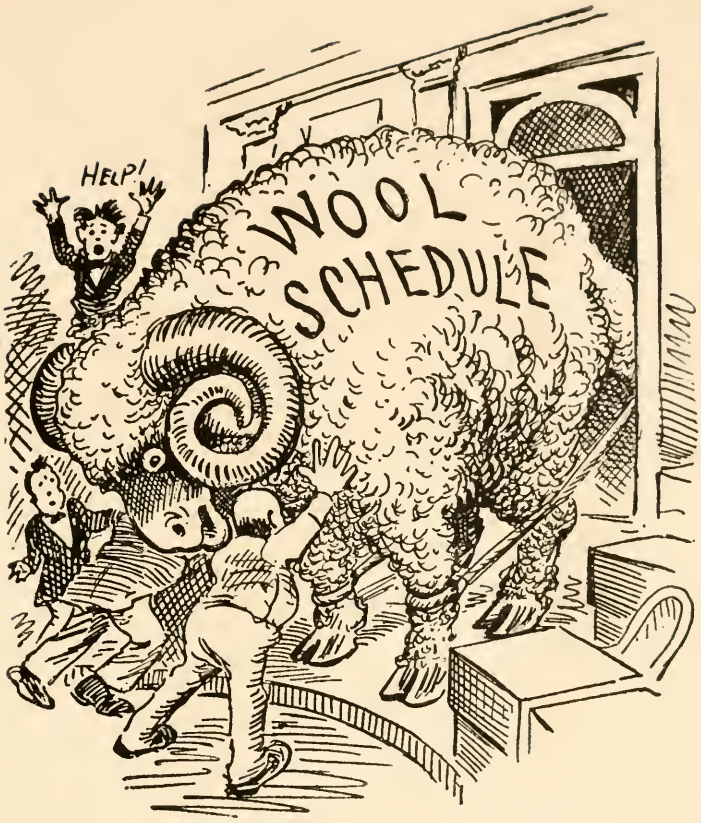
Albert C. and Robert L.
Resolved to have a battle,
For Albert C. said Robert L.
Had spoiled his nice new rattle.
Just then came by a monstrous man,
As big as a tar-barrel,
Which frightened both the heroes so,
They quite forgot their quarrel.

THE TARIFF'S LITTLE LAMB.

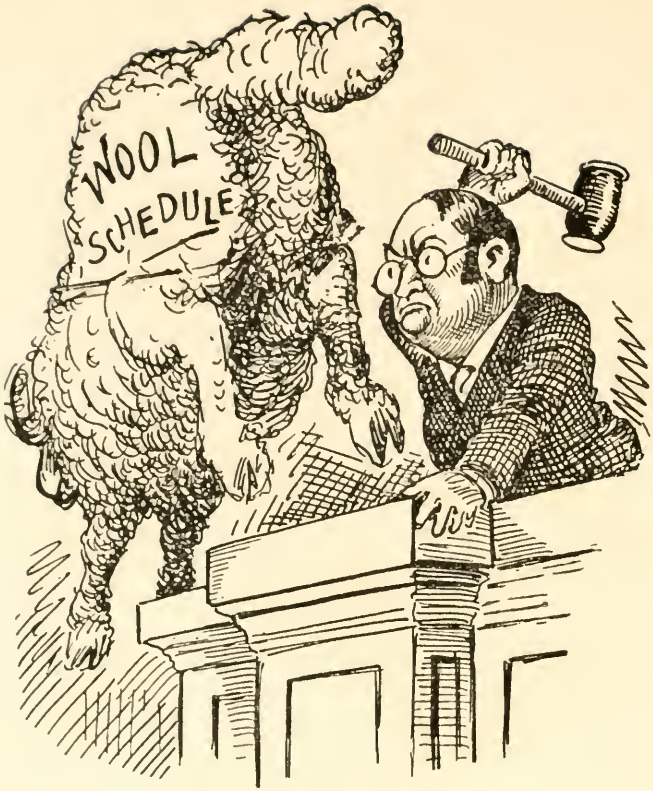
(A Melodrama in Eight Stanzas.)

The tariff had a little lamb,
Its fleece was snowy white,
It followed him around all day,
And slept by him at night.

Once this little lamb was small,
But now it is not so,
For the tariff fed his little pet
Until it had to grow.



To Congress it was brought one day;
They tried to put it out,
But they found the lamb was now a ram,
Which had grown very stout.

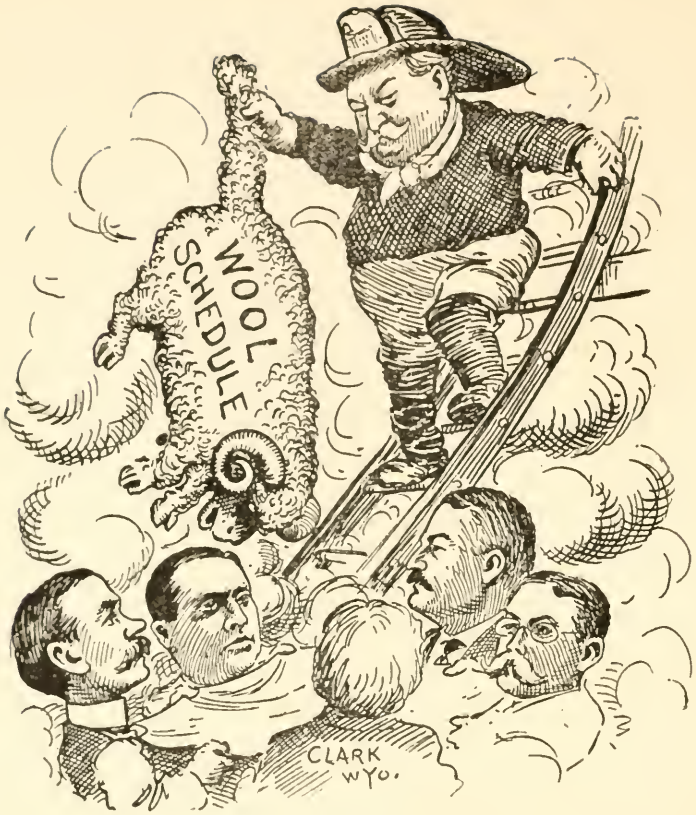


The President was a little man;
His face was bright, but red;
And he had little hair upon
His bald and shiny head.

And when he could not catch the lamb,
He called upon the "regulars,"
While "insurgents" chased it 'round the room,
And made a dreadful noise.

And still it ran about the room,
And did not seem to tire,
Until the Democrats jumped in,
And set the place on fire.

The bells then rang, the firemen came,
But could not quench the fire;
The poor lamb fled and hastened to
The White House to expire.

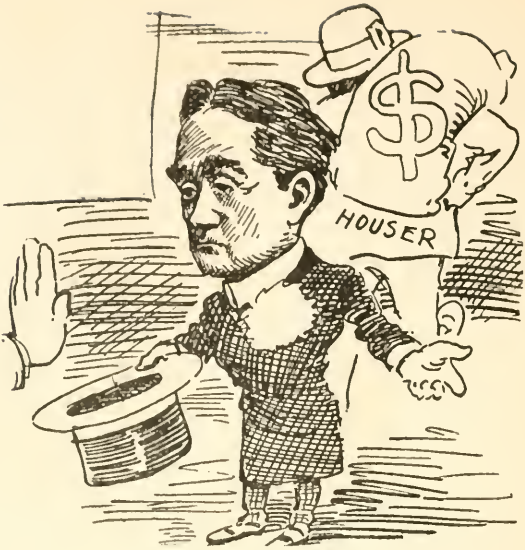


When the tariff missed his little lamb,
He raised a dreadful wail;
Just then Mister Taft pulled it out,
And saved it by the tail.

Ride a cock-horse to
Manassas, of course,
To see the great major
when not on a horse;
With braid on his shoul-
ders and mud on his
toes—
These were only a few
of his woes.

Moses Clapp
killed a calf,
Coe I. Crawford
got the half;
Bob LaFollette
got the head—
Ring the bell, the
calf is dead!

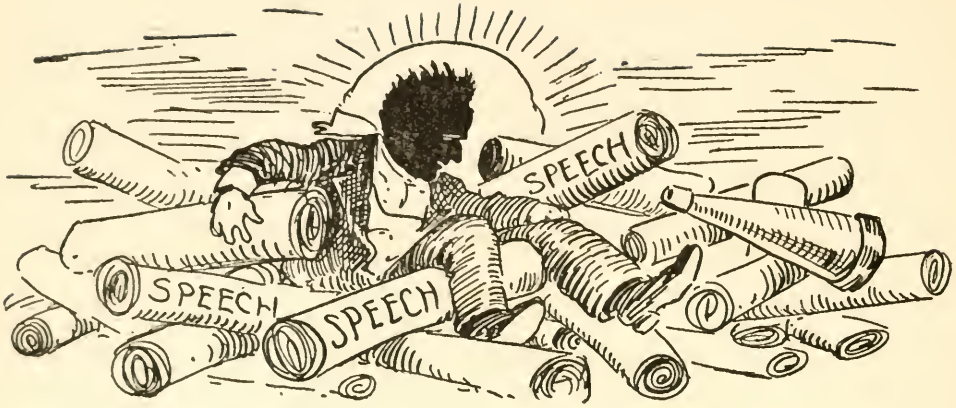
Jack Bourne
passed the hat,
And found the
income lean;
Walt Houser
had been be-
fore, you see,
And licked the
platter clean.



We'll sing you a chorus,
About George W.
Norris,
And now my
story's begun.
We'll sing you
another
About Norris
Brown (not his
Brother),
And now my
story's done.

Walter be nimble,
Walter be quick,
And settle Alaska
With a big stick.

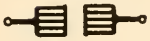
Bye, Billy, bunting,
Daddy's gone a-hunting,
To get a little thicker skin,
To wrap his Billy bunting in.



TO CONGRESS

Men of words and not of deeds
Are not just what this Congress needs;
Although 't has been a most popular place
To talk one's self black in the face.

COMMITTEE ON MENU AND SOUVENIR



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